

Arm Wrestling

My clock stopped a long time ago
I wasn't there when it happened
And I didn't notice what was wrong
Until I watched the second hand
Thrust itself forward
Only to be pushed back by another invisible hand
They must be arm wrestling

A broken clock is still correct twice a day,
but I never seem to look at it at the right time
Maybe tomorrow, my timing will be better
Maybe the next time

I could reach up and fix it
But I don't know how
So I won't even take it off the wall
And time slows to a crawl

The time it stands on means nothing to me
And the frozen moment keeps the hand floating,
Hovering there at the 12,
The precipice of some type of change, I'm sure,
However miniscule that change might be
Insignificant, and I wouldn't even really mind
If it weren't for the fact that the clock is still up there
Ticking on my wall and endlessly in the darkness
as I lie there awake, listening
Refusing to tell me the time
But reminding me that it is moving on anyway